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Metropolitan Tabernacle Destroyed By Fire.

The great building for so many years the place of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's God-honored ministry, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday afternoon, April 20.

Immediately adjacent to the Tabernacle, though fortunately separate from it, is the Pastors' College. The annual meetings were in progress, and addresses were being delivered in its hall at the time the fire was discovered. Between four and five hundred persons were to have dined in the basement of the Tabernacle at two o'clock, and later on in the afternoon there was to have been the subscribers' tea-meeting, while the students' annual supper was to have been held in the evening. The meals were being prepared in the chapel basement. The fire is believed to have been due to a defect in the flues.

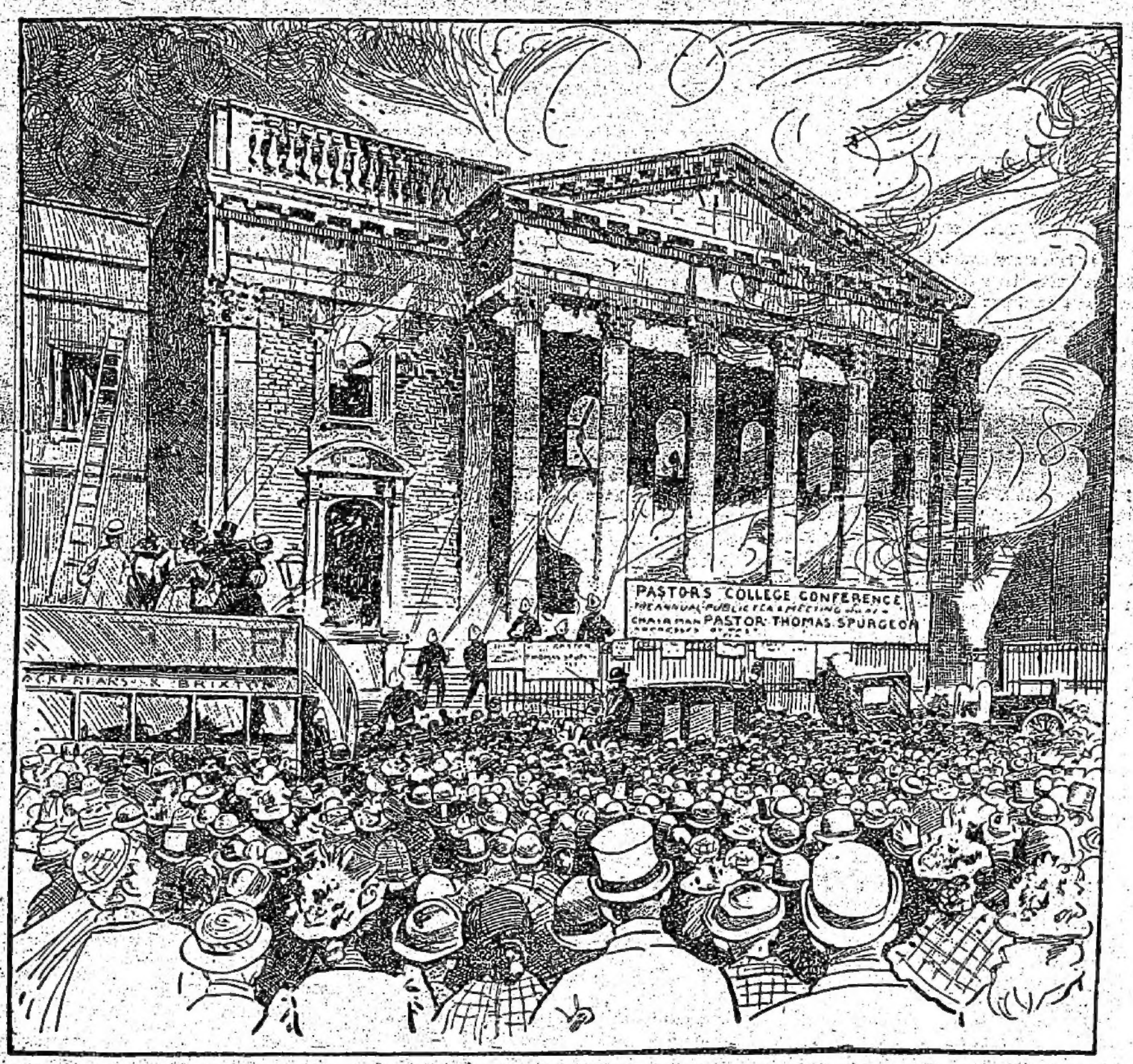
DISCOVERY OF THE FIRE.

Mr. Walter Mills, one of the deacons, gives the following account of the discovery of the fire:

'I was in the college, when a young lady, the daughter of another of our deacons, rushed in crying, "The Tabernacle is on fire!" This was the day for work in connection with the congregational Flower Mission. Several ladies interested in that organization were arranging flowers in the Tabernacle. Suddenly they heard a crackling noise. Then they saw flames away up in the top gallery, fronting towards the Elephant and Castle. They at once proceeded to give the alarm. Many fire engines were soon at work, but before long the roof fell in and the building was practically destroyed within an hour.'

The Metropolitan Tabernacle is to be rebuilt, but the design of the old building will not be followed. Messages of condolence have been sent to Mr. Spurgeon from all parts of this country and from America, and prominent Church of England clergymen are among the sympathisers. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon had a horror of fire, and insisted on the Tabernacle being provided with numerous doors for exits, broad, solid stairs, and devices to prevent dangerous crowding.

The old Tabernacle, says the 'Christian World,' looks picturesque in its ruins. So real is its reposeful appearance that the pigeons not only flutter through and about the great front pillars, but still nestle among the foliage of the capitals. The office is full of smoked and charred relics from the old building. There are trust-deeds, accounts, pigeon-holes of documents, and, most interesting of all, the large ancient tome, dated 1711, the leather cover of which is loosely hanging, which you find from the front page is 'The Declaration of Faith and Practice of Church of Christ in Carter-lane, Southwark, under the pastoral care of Dr. John Gill.' This church was the nucleus of Spurgeon's enormous congregation. In another corner stands the smoke-begrimed marble bust of Mr. Spurgeon in his younger days, which adorned the pastor's vestry. The deacons tried to drag it away from the flames on the eventful day, but its weight made it impossible for them to do



DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF MR. SPURGEON'S METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE ON APRIL 20.

more than remove it from the pedestal to the floor. Then, having covered it hurriedly with a piece of carpet, they were compelled to leave it. Needless to say they were delighted to see it again, intact and perfect under its film of smoke.

On the following Sunday the Revs. Thomas and Charles Spurgeon conducted two services in Exeter Hall. The morning sermon was upon the text, 'Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire.' Mr. T. Spurgeon's address was cheerful; he expressed his love for the destroyed building. He had never been able to bring himself to believe that the *Tabernacle* was ugly, but once, when told that it belonged to the 'railway station class of architecture,' he had acquiesced, declaring that thousands of souls had started heavenwards from it, with through tickets for the New Jerusalem. He reminded the densely crowded congregation that that 'though we have lost our hymn-books, we have not lost our songs; though we have lost our bible, we have not lost the Word; though we have lost our pew-cushions, we have not lost the rest and peace that Jesus gives; in fact, our essentials are not inflammable.'

Our picture is taken from the 'Christian Herald' of April 28.

Misrepresentation.

(By Mrs. Peter Stryker.)

Here is a story which is worth reprinting. Said a white sister for whom old Aunt Hannah was washing: 'Aunt Hannah, did you know you have been accused of stealing?' 'Yes, I hearn about it,' said Aunt Hannah, and went on with her washing. 'Well, you won't rest under it, will you?' went on the sister. Aunt Hannah raised herself up from her work, with a broad smile on her face, and looking up full at the white sister, said:

'De Lord knows I ain't stole nuthin,' and I knows I ain't, an' life's too short for me to be provin' an' 'splainin' all de time, so I jes' goes on my way rejoicin'. They knows they ain't tellin' the truf, and they'll feel ashamed an' quit after a while. If I can please de Lord, dat is enough for me.'

It is related of a celebrated man, that at one time a fiery fellow came into his office, and poured out his anathemas on his honored head. He never looked up. More and more violent grew the language. Calmly went the pen over the paper. At last having exhausted himself, the infuriated individual went away. 'Why did you not turn upon him?' inquired a bystander. Quietly laying down his pen he replied: 'There was once a little dog barked at the moon,' and resumed his writing. 'Well, what has that got to do with this?' was asked. 'The moon went on!' was the reply.

Reputation is one thing, character is another. A reputation may be very black, but the character may be very white. Reputation is what people say of us, character is what we really are.

Years ago, a person who was a popular writer, was described to me in such a manner by one who was well acquainted with him that I never cared to read his articles because I had lost all respect for him. Prejudice? Yes. I was wrong. I afterwards met him, and heard others speak of his useful life. He was a man worthy of respect and confidence. I am older now, and my experience has told me to hear both sides before judging. 'Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe,' was a copy written in my copy-book in my school-day life, and it was a good one. 'If all is true that I hear, I want to have nothing to do with him,' is an expression often heard, and it sometimes means, 'My opinion is formed. I do not wish to change it.'

'Mrs. A. told me so, and I am sure she is truthful.' Yes, but Mrs. A may have received a wrong impression. She may have heard the story from a reliable person, but the relator may have seen things from her own standpoint, and so have created a wrong idea, or she may have received it from one who was wholly malicious, and the listener had such confidence in the relator that she did not for one moment suspect malice.

A Christian minister once gave some good rules relating to reports, as follows:

1. 'Is it true?'
2. 'Is it best to be told?'
3. 'If best to be told, am I the best to tell it?'

Why, oh, why, is it so easy to believe the evil in preference to the good?

Why is it that among young people particularly, there is such a tendency to believe all is truth that comes to the ear? As we advance in life, we find that many of the slandered ones have borne all patiently, or have been so far absorbed in doing noble deeds and have lived so far out of the sphere of scandal, that they quietly moved on, all unconscious of the reports circulated, and have gone to rest with him who was at one time 'despised and rejected of men.'

I remember such a one. Unkind remarks never reached her ear. Sarcasm and bitterness was uttered and she worked in philanthropic deeds. She became aged and still active. She had reached her fourscore years and ten when a friend visited her, and in the conversation referred to some injustice done to her in former years. She cast an inquiring look at the speaker, who felt at once that she had trodden on the wrong ground. 'This is all news to me,' she said, 'I was not aware of it.' Ah, she had lived and worked, had given the warm pressure of the hand, had smiled on all, and knew not that unkind words were being circulated.

David must have experienced some of the bitterness of slander when he wrote the fifteenth Psalm.

Who among the older members of the Reformed Church (Dutch in those days) will not remember the following stanzas of an old hymn?

'Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And lives and walks by faith below.

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the things they mean,
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbor's hurt,
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honored in his eyes.

Him to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

He loves his enemies and prays,
For those that curse him to his face,
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone.
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.'
—'Christian Intelligencer.'

An Incident and a Sequel.

One of Dr. J. A. Gordon's favorite sayings was that God never makes a half-providence any more than a man makes a half-pair of shears. A good many years ago a little Scotch boy, four years old, was caught in a threshing-machine, and his right arm was torn off. That was a terrible accident in every sense of the word, for the boy not only lost the use of his arm, but was deprived of a future livelihood. He was a farmer's son, and, it was supposed, could himself be nothing but a farmer. Now, what would happen to him when he grew up?

This problem the boy's mother took to her heart. There she held her mutilated laddie, and prayed that God would make him a prophet. As his service on the farm was out of the question, she prayed that he might be used for a nobler husbandry. Thus the boy grew up, with his mother's prayers of dedication ringing in his heart, and in spite of himself, they formed his life. He could not evade them. Her prayers shut him in with God.

The lad grew and studied, and was admitted to the University of Edinburgh. He is the student of whom the story has been often told, how Dr. Blackie asked the country boy to rise and recite. Geggie—for that was his name—arose and held his book awkwardly in his left hand.

'Take your book in your right hand, mon!' said the teacher sternly.

'I hae nae right hand,' answered the youth, holding up his stump.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by the hisses of the class. Tears of mortification were in the student's eyes. Then Doctor Blackie ran down from his desk, and putting his arm about the lad's shoulder, as a father might, said:

'I did not mean to hurt you, lad. I did not know.'

Then the hisses were changed to loud cheers, and Doctor Blackie thanked the students for the opportunity of teaching a class of gentlemen.

It was about that time that Major Whittle came to the university, and in the great awakening that followed, Geggie was the first to give himself up to the service of Christ.

Some time afterward Doctor Gordon was telling this story to his congregation in Boston. There was an impressive stillness, and after the service had closed with more than usual solemnity, a stranger walked up the aisle. The congregation noticed that he had only one arm. With a feeling of peculiar presentiment, Doctor Gordon came down the pulpit to met him.

'I am your Geggie,' the stranger said, with great emotion.

Doctor Gordon, with a ringing voice, called his congregation back and told them that his illustration was before them. The student was asked to speak. He related the story of his accident, his mother's prayers, and how he had now consecrated his life.

As the congregation left the church that morning, the thought came to more than one: Every man's life is divinely planned. If adversity is inevitable, God makes the misfortune fit the plan. Many a youth, without knowing it, is working out the life to which his mother's piety devoted him; and her vows and the Infinite Wisdom are parts of a perfect providence.—'Youth's Companion.'

Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Listen to the leadings of grace, then say and do nothing but what the Holy Spirit shall put in your heart. You will find that you will become more tranquil, that your words will be fewer and more effectual, and that, with less effort, you will accomplish more good. —Fénelon.

BOYS AND GIRLS

HE WAS THE LEADING DEALER IN FISH AND GAME.

Mr. Josiah Mason was the fishmonger of the village. There could be no doubt about that. He was the leading dealer in fish and game, indeed, for miles round, and, as he said in his handbills, which were sent out to all new settlers in the district, 'patronised by all the nobility and gentry.' Farmers, on the way to their homes in distant villages, would sometimes carry to their wives some of his goods, so that his name was known all over the country-side.

Moreover, Mr. Josiah Mason was a person of some importance outside his business, being no less than a churchwarden at the parish church, and much respected by all who knew him.

Among his other good qualities was the possession of a generous nature—one that led him to do many acts of kindness quite unknown to the little world around him.

One of his good customs was to serve out to the deserving poor such fare as he had over on Saturday nights at very cheap rates, so that there might be at least a good fish dinner on the Sunday for those who cared to have one.

Mr. Mason's kindly face was seen to best advantage on such an occasion, as he had some joke to make to all those who came, the children especially. In fact, Mr. Mason's love for the youngsters was so well known that they were generally sent, because they seemed to get the best fish.

One Saturday Josiah had put aside two extra fine fresh mackerel for little Tiny Bussey, whose mother was in the depth of poverty, but who always managed to send her two boys with the coppers she had scraped together for their Sunday meal.

Hers was a very sad case, and it called forth all Josiah's sympathies; so much that Tiny always had the best the shop could offer in the shape of mackerel on Saturdays, that fish being Mrs. Bussey's favorite.

On this particular Saturday Mrs. Benson, the squire's wife, drove up to the shop, and, alighting, asked for a half dozen fine mackerel 'which must be quite fresh.' Josiah flushed up at such an unusual sight as the squire's lady doing her own shopping, and explained that he had only four left.

'Let me see them, please.'

Having inspected them approvingly, Mrs. Benson's gaze fell on the two set aside specially for Tiny. 'Why, here are two more, Mr. Mason, put them up as well, please.' Josiah flushed again.

'I'm sorry, but I cannot let you have them, ma'am.'

'Are they sold?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Then I must have them, Mr. Mason.'

Josiah flinched and rolled up his apron.

'If you please, ma'am, I must ask you to excuse me.'

Mrs. Benson was not a woman to be put aside, and so with a 'Don't trouble further, Mr. Mason,' she left the shop, declining the four fish already wrapped up.

Mr. Josiah Mason's face for once looked troubled, but business was brisk, and soon took his attention; and when Tiny came that night, and Josiah handed him the two fish, he felt happy once more as the lad went away with his brother, the fish being safe in his big market basket.

The next day the squire's good lady, for the first time, deigned to take no notice of Josiah's salute as she entered her pew; and it was a very cold gaze that she had to meet him with as he tried to hand her to her carriage after service.

* * * * *

About a month later Mrs. Benson again drove up to Josiah's shop, very much to that good man's surprise.

'Mr. Mason,' she cried as she sat in her carriage; and when he came to receive her orders she said, 'Have you still two mackerel set aside not to be sold?' and she quite smiled at him.

Josiah colored to the roots of his hair.

'Yes, ma'am,' was all he could get out.

'And are they going to the same place as those of last Saturday?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And do two go to the same place every week?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Then shake hands, please, Mr. Mason, and forgive my bad temper a month ago. Only yesterday, my maid, in calling upon Mrs. Bussey, poor old soul, heard of your goodness to the bed-ridden cripple. I shall not soon forget my rudeness or your kindness done in secret.'

And Josiah rubbed his hands as she went away, often to come again, you may be sure. And so it came about that, in a still wider business (for Mrs. Benson recommended many a friend to his shop) Josiah found an earthly reward for his kindness, to say nothing of the joy which always attends self-denial for the sake of Christ.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Perils of Pudding Sauce.

(By Mrs. Flower.)

'Nobody would believe what danger may lurk in a Christmas pudding, or, rather, in its usual accompaniment,' said a thoughtful, middle-aged man one day, when speaking on the incentives to intemperance. "And I can prove it, if you have time to hear a true story.'

'Plenty of time; go on.'

'Oh, the pudding is not in fault; it's the ———. But you shall have the story. It all happened long ago, when these grey hairs of mine were like John Anderson's in his youth. I had just returned to my native town after an absence of several years, and was rambling about in a haphazard fashion. The memory of many a boyish lark and many an honest friendship stirred into fresh activity with every step I took, and when at last the office of a leading solicitor came into view, I quickened my step involuntarily, and pushed open the door with a whole flood of happy memories racing through and through me. His son had been my greatest chum when we were lads, but somehow we had managed to drift apart of late years, and beyond a dim impression that he had been articled to his father, and in due course had become his partner, the whole of my old friend's history was a blank to me, and Mr. Lenox, whom I found in his usual place, had barely grasped my hand in cordial greeting before I burst out with an inquiry concerning Hal.

'"Where is he, and what's he doing? Can I see him at once?" said I impetuously. But the change that instantly passed over Mr. Lenox startled me so much that I could only stare at him in wonder and fear. I had thought him looking older and whiter than when I left home, but at his age such changes were to be expected. Not so, however, the trembling lip and hopeless misery of the fine old face, that looked at me for an instant, and then bent over his desk in a silence that implied more than could be put into words—the silence of despair.

'"My dear sir, what is amiss with Hal?" I cried in cruel agitation. "We were like twin brothers once, you know, and even now nothing can touch him without touching me

too. If he's in—in any sort of a mess, surely I can do something to help him out of it. Let me try."

'He smiled, such a wan, weary smile, but shook his head sorrowfully.

'"No, dear lad; even you can't help my lost son. He is a confirmed drunkard!"

'This was awful news, indeed. The clever, handsome, generous fellow, always to the fore in fun and mischief, but foremost too in helping all lame dogs over stiles, though working hard to make his own running sure. ("It pleases dad so much," he would say, when school triumphs sent him home laden with honors.) And was all this promise to end in the shame of a drunkard's grave? I clinched my hand hard; as I stood before his father, and solemnly vowed—God being on our side—that in this case, at all events, the drink fiend should not score a victory, though I had to fight him inch by inch for months or years.

'"Give me Hal's address. You shall have your son back again, and in his right mind, Mr. Lenox."

'There was such a ring of confidence in my voice that a gleam of hope shone in the poor father's eyes as he nervously pressed my hand, giving at the same time direction where to find his son. "He refused to share my office when this thing became his master, thinking to spare me the pain of seeing his degradation." Here his utterance failed, and I hurried off on my sorrowful errand. Hal was out when I reached his chambers, but telling the attendant that I was a friend of his master's, and would wait his return, the boy ushered me into a private room and withdrew. On looking round an inspiration came to me. Low cupboards ran around the walls, all the doors of which I coolly threw wide open. Some were empty, but three were stacked full of spirit bottles, brandy, and whiskey. To fling open the window, which looked out upon a small back garden, seize one of the enemy in each hand and dash them on the ground with all my force was the work of an instant. In a few moments the cupboards were empty, and a pile of smashed glass lay under the window. Then I sat down and waited for Hal. He came in before long, and at seeing me all his face lit up with surprise and gladness; but it passed like a flash, a dark, sullen look replacing it. I fairly rushed at him, however, putting both hands on his shoulders in the old boyish fashion, as a torrent of words that were half sobs came tumbling out anyhow. He tried to push me away, though he was white to the lips; but I kept my grip like a vice.

'"Hal, my dear old boy, it's no use. I've seen your father, and I mean to give him back his son. Look what I've done already (pointing to the shattered glass outside), and this is but the first step. You are coming with me this very hour, and we'll stick together until all this bad business is no more than a dream, and again you'll be the best fellow in the world to the splendid old dad and me. Do you think we are going to lose you for the sake of such rubbish as I've just pitched out there?"

'Well, it was hard work, but in the end I did carry him off for a tramp round the Isle of Wight. The story of that tramp is better left untold. It was so far successful, however, that in less than a month he had consented to place himself under the care of a medical man who had made such cases a special study. He remained with Dr. Hartley a year, when so thoroughly, in Dr. Hartley's judgment, was the drink craze eradicated, that he went home, and at once took up the ordinary duties of life. I had frequent letters at this time from Mr. Lenox, overflowing with thankfulness for Hal's reformation, and expressing full confidence in its continuance. But for some inexplicable reason a shade of anxiety still rested on my own mind; perhaps because both father and son seemed to scorn the idea that after such an experience any temptation could have power over him in the future. All my modest suggestions as to avoiding these were ignored, or put aside with a half-hurt, half-indignant assurance that another fall was impossible; and not caring to seem officious or doubtful, I had to abstain from interference, simply hoping for the best. Matters did go on satisfactorily for three months. Then Christmas festivities began, and though invitations were generally declined, in order to avoid the embarrassment of refusing intoxicants in houses where they were introduced as a matter of course, one was accepted without fear of consequences, the host himself being an abstainer, though not an out-and-out temperance man. But this one dinner-party proved too much for Hal.

'He had easily and pleasantly steered a safe course through the earlier part of the banquet, a good supply of non-alcoholic beverages being at hand, but when the inevitable pudding, all ablaze with brandy, and served with sauce of the same spirit, made its appearance, the old frenzy seized on his senses again; yet he still had enough self-command to pass on the plate which was put before him, and the weak moment might have come and gone without fatal results had not his next neighbor, a thoughtless girl, who knew not what she did, rallied him unmercifully on his 'extreme' views. "We all know you are an abstainer," she said, "but who ever got drunk on pudding sauce?" Her laughing persistence, and the sudden mad craving for alcohol in any shape overpowered him. He ate the pudding with a large allowance of brandy sauce, and making some excuse for going away as the party left the table, betook himself to a former resort, and at two o'clock in the morning was taken home from thence helplessly and revoltingly drunk. A fearful reaction followed, and in the despairing agony that succeeded his collapse he flew to the one thing that gave him brief respite from the torture of remorse. No words can tell, no imagination can conceive what these two men, the old and the young, passed through during many months, whilst one was giving up soul and body to the great destroyer, and the other looked on, impotent to save, albeit he would have given his life gladly to do it. But deliverance was coming. A severe attack of delirium tremens brought him down to the brink of the grave, and in what he believed to be his last hour, a wire was sent to me, and ere that day ended I was by his bedside. There I stayed until he slowly, slowly turned his face to this world once more. "God is giving you a chance of retrieving everything, Hal," I whispered when all danger was over. "It is all worse than useless," he said continually. "I did my best, and failed. I can't set myself free."

'"No, that's true—you can't; but, remember that a whole legion of devils had to loose their hold at the word of One who is mighty to save now as then. Trust in that great Friend of sinners, and you shall set your foot upon this deadly foe, and he shall have no power against you any more." And at last, at last he did. With anguish unspeakable he wrestled for a time — not long in days perhaps, but long enough to set its seal upon him till he died—with his tyrant sin. Then one day he stood up a free man; a noble and a good one, too, worthy of the sweet young wife, who, knowing his sad story, honored him for the resolute stand he made against placing temptation before the weak, even in the disguise of pudding sauce.

'She stood by his side through good and ill, for though he never again fell, there was not wanting miserable times when the retrospect of his wasted youth bowed his head with shame, when hope and courage failed, and all he longed for was to shrink away from honorable men who had no such blot on their shield, and hide his wretchedness in a log hut on an American prairie. "I am only a disgrace to you and the children here," he would say. "It were better for you all that I should sink out of sight and die and be forgotten." Then the true wife would take his poor trembling hand in her strong, tender clasp, and repeat the oft-told words—"You shall never leave us; where you go we will go — to America, or the world's end, if you will. But will this be the bravest thing to do? Would it be worthy of the man who has gotten so great a victory over himself that he may now boldly take his stand before the world? Stay in the place where you fell and rose again, and teach your boys that no habit is invincible when man's will works with God's for its destruction."

'So he lived on in the old town, and when last I saw him his boys and girls were decorating all the house with holly in preparation for Christmas. He and I looked at one another with a look that only the mother understood. "We have the pudding without stint every year," he whispered, "but—no brandy sauce."' — 'Scottish Temperance League Tract.'

'What Time I am Afraid.'

A TRUE STORY.

(By Sarah L. Tenney.)

A group of merry girls stood laughing and chattering on the depot platform at Myrtlewood Junction. It was a lovely June morning, and a cool, brisk breeze, sent an unwonted glow to their cheeks, and a corresponding exhilaration to their youthful spirits. In true, school-girl fashion, they were all trying to speak at once, their remarks being addressed mainly to a slight, fair-haired girl, who seemed to be the centre of attraction, as she was the centre of the group. Her travelling attire and the large Saratoga trunk at her side gave evidence that she was about to set forth on a journey, and the girls, her companions, had as evidently come to the station to see her off.

'O Hester!' exclaimed the one nearest to her, 'how I envy you!' and her longing looks emphasized her words. 'It has been the dream of my life to see New York city, but I fear,

"My eyes will grow dim and my tresses turn gray,
Ere fortune will favor me that way,"'

she improvised in a doleful sing-song tone, to the great merriment of her companions.

'Courage, Julia!' replied Hester. 'It is the unexpected that happens, you know, so you may yet have your heart's desire when least you look for it.'

'That time should be now, O sage prophetess, wert thou as true as wise!' returned Julia, 'but I fear the whistle I just heard in the distance warns me you are not to be relied upon, since I could not possibly have time to prepare. Lo, even now it cometh!'

Hester Olney boarded the train amid a chorus of good-bys, and as long as the girls were visible she waved her farewell from the car window in response to theirs. But presently a sharp curve in the road hid them from sight, and for a moment a tinge of

homesickness came over her, and a few, yes, a very few tears stole furtively down her cheek as she leaned her head against the side of the car. It was so hard leaving the girls! But not long did Hester give way to this feeling of depression. She was naturally of a very buoyant disposition, and this long anticipated journey was really a great delight to her, and it was no small part of the pleasure that she had been entrusted to take it alone. When the invitation had first come to Hester from her married sister in New Jersey, to come and spend the summer vacation in her delightful cottage in Atlantic City, Mr. Olney had fully intended accompanying his daughter as far as New York. But at the last moment business cares made it imperative that he should remain at home, and, rather than disappoint Hester, he had decided to let her go by herself, having first telegraphed to his son-in-law when she would start from home, and receiving an answering telegram that her sister's husband would meet her in New York. There would be no change of cars until she reached the latter place, so it seemed there would be no risk whatever in sending her on alone, although she was but fourteen years of age.

During the first hours of the journey there was much to occupy Hester's attention in the unfamiliar and beautiful scenery all about her, and in the constant change of passengers at the different stations. Noontime came almost before she was aware, and after partaking of the dainty lunch prepared by her mother's loving hands, she drew a book from her hand-bag, and was soon absorbed in its contents. The train was express nearly all the last half of the way, and its ceaseless, monotonous whirr, combined with an overtired head from the constant watching of the morning, induced a feeling of drowsiness in Hester, which culminated in a nap. How long she slept she knew not, but she was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the train to find herself in the grand central depot in New York city. As the hundreds of passengers emerged from the train, Hester followed the crowd, and gazed anxiously about her if anywhere she might catch glimpse of her brother-in-law. But failing to find him in the vast throng, she took her way to the ladies' room, according to instructions there to await his coming. The immense depot was filled with the countless multitude of summer tourists going in every direction, and Hester saw much to interest her in the novel scenes about her. She had noticed by the big clock in the station that it was just five o'clock as she entered the waiting-room, so she knew her train had come in very nearly on time—a rather unusual circumstance, she had been told — so she was quite prepared not to have her brother-in-law meet her promptly. But when the hands pointed to 'six' o'clock, she was surprised beyond measure. A whole hour had passed almost before she knew it, and yet her brother-in-law had not come. Where could he be? Not as yet gravely anxious, inasmuch as she had been forewarned of his possible tardiness, she yet felt a vague uneasiness and wished with all her heart he would come. Eagerly scanning the ever-changing crowd, feeling that each succeeding moment must bring him, another hour passed by more slowly than the first, until the clock struck seven. Hester was now thoroughly alarmed. The ever-moving throng was thinning perceptibly, and she was very weary with the long journey and the strain of constant watching. Would her brother-in-law never come! Eight o'clock! Hester's heart beat hard and fast and the tears began to fall. It looked as though she might have to pass the night in that great, dreary place. But Hester was a brave girl, despite her youthful years, and she strove hard to keep her fears in check. Moreover, she was a child of the King, and the tiny silver cross she wore showed that she belonged to the order known as 'The King's Daughters.' Straightway the Father sent a swift-winged messenger to comfort his troubled child.

'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee,' whispered the angel visitant. Hester's face lighted up with a smile as the familiar text floated through her mind. Already she was strengthened. Lifting her eyes toward the door she beheld a tall, broad-shouldered policeman pacing to and fro, and every time he came in her direction she observed he regarded her intently. He had a kindly face, and instinctively Hester felt confidence in him. She resolved to seek his advice if still her brother failed to come.

Someone else was watching Hester. An elegantly but somewhat showily dressed lady had entered the waiting-room some time before, and for a long while all unknown to Hester, had been silently observing her anxiety and distress. When the lady saw her wiping away the tears which would come in spite of her efforts to be brave, she crossed over to Hester, and asked softly, 'Are you in any trouble, my child? Can I help you?'

Completely won by the gentle, sympathizing tone, and inexpressibly relieved, Hester explained the situation. The lady was full of pity, and insisted that Hester should accompany her to her own home for the night, assuring her that they could look up her brother in the morning. The young girl gratefully accepted the offer and had already left the waiting-room in company with her new-found friend when a stern voice suddenly bade them 'Stop!' Turning in amazement to the speaker, Hester beheld the big blue-coated policeman who had so inspired her confidence. Turning to her companion the officer demanded of her in a harsh voice, 'where are you going with this young girl?' The woman muttered some unintelligible reply and tried to slip away, but the officer detained her with his hand on her arm. 'Young lady are you acquainted with this woman?' he asked of Hester.

Pale and frightened, not knowing what it all could mean. Hester replied in a trembling voice that she had just met her for the first time.

'Madam,' said the officer, in his sternest tones, 'you have long been under suspicion, now I have actual proof of your guilt. Henceforth my eye is upon you. Beware!' The woman cowered and shrank away.

'She is one of the worst women in the city,' said the policeman, turning again to Hester. Had you gone with her there is no knowing when you would have seen your friends again. Doubtless she would have robbed you of all your effects and turned you adrift in the street. How does it happen, young woman,' he asked, with increasing severity, 'that you find yourself all alone at this late hour (it was now past nine o'clock) in this great city?' Again Hester, with tearful agitation explained the facts in the case, and the officer's manner softened at once.

'Ah, that puts a different face on the matter, my child,' he said in his kindliest tone. 'Evidently your brother has been detained in some unforeseen way, and is doubtless quite as worried as you are. It is out of the question for you to stay here all night, as it is very uncertain whether he comes before morning. I shall be on duty here until eight o'clock to-morrow, and should he come before then I shall explain the case to him and relieve his anxiety. Meanwhile we will see what can be done for you. Jim!' he called to a rough-looking man crossing the platform a little in advance of him with a lantern in his hand.

'What is it?' said the man turning back to the officer.

'I wish you would take this young girl to your home to-night. Her friends have failed to meet her, and she is a perfect stranger in the city.'

'All right!' replied Jim, 'my wife will take excellent care of her.'

'Have no fear, my child,' said the officer, turning to Hester, 'this man is perfectly reliable, and his wife is a fine woman. I have known them both for years.'

Yet it was with inward misgiving that Hester followed her guide through the long, unfamiliar streets. She had been terribly deceived once, why not again ? Besides, what did she really know either about the officer or 'Jim!' They were all strangers in a strange land. But the King's messenger kept close at her side with his whispered word of cheer:

'I will trust and not be afraid.'

Presently they came to what seemed to Hester an interminable row of brick houses in a long, narrow street. Up the steps of one of these the man ran hastily, and opening the door ushered in his companion. It was a pleasant home scene that greeted Hester's eyes. In the centre of the room stood a table, neatly spread with an appetizing meal, whose savory odor would have filled Hester with delight, but for the fear tugging at her heart. The brakeman's wife greeted her cordially, and helping her remove her outside garments, invited her to seat herself at the table, explaining that her husband's hours of work were such that his evening meal was a very late one. They drew around the table, and in the moment's hush that followed, the brakeman bowed his head and reverently asked God's blessing. Instantly every doubt and fear of Hester's vanished. Here was another child of the King, and no real harm could befall her!

She ate heartily after her long fast, and her sleep that night was sweet and undisturbed. In the morning, after a substantial breakfast, she took leave of her kind friends with many thanks, the brakeman accompanying her to the station.

On entering its doors almost the first person she saw was her brother standing by the side of her blue-coated friend of the evening before, anxiously awaiting her arrival. He had been there but a few minutes, and his anxiety had fully equalled that of his young sister during his enforced delay. It seems his train from the Jersey side had been detained by an open draw in which a passing vessel had become so firmly wedged that it was impossible to extricate her for hours. Hester explained to him the kindness of the brakeman and his wife, and the former tried to press upon the warm-hearted brakeman some pecuniary compensation. But the latter persistently refused. Not long after, however, a box of useful, and even luxurious gifts found its way to the little home in the narrow street, and a present of value to the faithful policeman.

Years have passed since this incident. Hester is now married and the mother of a charming family. Prominent among the many decorations of her beautiful home, and dearer to her than all the rest, hangs a plain, simple motto framed in white and gold. As it has been the watchword of her life ever since that evening of anxiety and terror, so she desires it shall be to her children the talisman of their youth and age. And these are the words of the motto: 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Judging from the Husk.

('Sunday-school Messenger.')

Fred and Freda Morton waited in the hall, comfortably clad, protected from the cold and nipping air. Mrs. Morton held a card in her hand, saying:

'Fred, I am not pleased. Your grades are unworthy of you. Algebra only seventy—'

Fred tightened his book-straps and replied, 'Mamma, if I could get the grades that George Gross gets!'

'George Gross, indeed! I should not want to take him for my model — that shabby, homely boy!' sniffed Freda.

'George Gross?' repeated Mrs. Morton. 'I do not remember that I have ever seen him.'

'He is a nobody,' said Freda. 'Mamma, he is the shabbiest boy in school, and wears a coat that is too small, and it is faded and patched, and his best coat is not presentable. He looks like a beggar that has strayed in among respectably dressed people. I suppose he will wear that "dress suit" this morning, as it is Friday, and we are all to go into the auditorium, and there will be visitors, the symphony rehearsals are so popular. I am sure I wish George Gross was not a junior.'

'Mamma, you couldn't mistake George Gross for anything but a gentleman, if, as Freda says, he does wear shabby clothes. He looks shabbier in contrast with a few rich men's sons who wear fine coats. George is trim, and his hair is well brushed, his finger-nails and his boots are clean, and his grades are high. There is not a single junior who gets as good grades,' Fred hastened to exclaim.

'Perhaps there is an excellent reason for George wearing old coats,' said Mrs. Morton. 'Freda, I hope you are not learning to judge from looking at the husk.'

'Husk, mamma?'

'Yes, the outer covering. Suppose you valued the chestnut or an ear of corn from the outer covering. It is likely that George is painfully aware of his shabbiness. I hope you will not let him see that you notice it, as that is neither kind nor Christian-like.'

* * * * * * *

At home George brushed his best coat with care, well aware that it was positively shabby, as well as too thin and small for comfort. He was naturally fond of wearing well-fitting clothes of good material. When the garment was new he chose it for its cheapness, and not for any desirable quality. Mrs. Gross sighed and said:

'George, there will be visitors in the auditorium this morning.'

'Yes, mother. The rehearsals are popular,' replied George cheerfully. 'They always attract a large audience. Professor Slade is sure to have something good for the Friday-morning entertainments.'

'George, you need a new coat.'

'I know it, mother,' said George, getting into the too-small garment, and tipping the mirror that he might see his reflected image. 'It is my cross, mother. I know that there isn't another fellow in school who wears a coat that can equal mine for ugliness and antiquity, but I have paid our grocer, our house rent, and my school expenses. I do not owe any man money, and that knowledge helps me to bear the fellows' ridicule.'

'I know, my boy.'

'I am not sorry that I have paid our honest debts. Father was particularly careful to owe no man.'

'If your associates only knew why you look so shabby, and that you might be earning five dollars every week if you chose.'

'A number of the boys would think me silly because, as much as we need money, I refuse to carry papers into saloons and on Sunday morning. The boy who now has my old route does not mind that he must deliver papers in twelve saloons. Two of the saloon men are generous in their pay and treat him to lunch. He does not mind that carrying the Sunday morning papers keeps him from Sunday-school. I cannot do that work if I am to be a Christian boy. You know, mother, and I know, that I had to choose between wearing shabby coats and doing a business that I could not do with a clean conscience. A fellow ought to be brave if he feels that he is right.'

'My boy, I am proud of you; you know I am, and your shabby coat is a robe of honor in my eyes,' and his mother's words and kiss comforted him as he ran off to school; while in her turn she was comforted as she noted his carefully brushed hair and clean hands. His well worn necktie was tied in a neat knot, and his frank and clear eyes were almost handsome.

I am sorry not to be able to note a pleasing change in George Gross's finances. He is a senior now, and still wears a shabby coat, for the struggle for workaday necessities and an education has grown no easier. He is yet sometimes snubbed and reminded of his shabbiness by young people who value most highly the husk or outer appearance. A few people predict a bright future for the boy whose grades are so high each month, but at present George Gross finds his reward in doing right, in the consciousness that he has made sacrifices simply because it was right that he should make them. A number of his boy friends even count him over-particular in refusing to compromise with his sense of right; but there are others, Fred Morton among them, who are proud of his friendship and count him a hero. —E. M. Guernsey.

The Daisy
Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet-earth,
That stud the velvet-sod;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.
CLARE.

'It is told of a sage that one day after the fashion of the schools he was questioned, 'Master, what is the test of good manners?' Whereto he answered, 'It is the being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.'—'The Quiver.'

Soul Longings.

O to be trusted and trusty,
O to be faithful and true;
Loyally serving my Captain,
Always prepared for review.
O to be just where he wants me,
There in his presence to stand;
Willing to do to the utmost
Aught he may please to command

O to be fully surrendered,
Never a will of my own;
All of my life for his kingdom,
All of my heart for his throne.
Thus to be guided entirely
By the sweet counsel of grace;
Never a word to oppose him,
Never a thought to displace.

Lord, to provide me this blessing
Is a small matter with thee,
Here would I claim thine own promise,
Claim it as given to me.
Bring I the tithes and the offerings,
All at thy pierced feet I pour;
Open the windows of heaven—
Bless me as never before.
—John Wilfrid McClure.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool the pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into its nest again,
I shall not live in vain;

Leading Others to Jesus.

The compass plant in Texas, growing from three to six feet high, has leaves that point north and south, so that the Indian can tell his direction even at night. This fact was denied. But a careful observer found that the young leaves standing edgewise to the earth, always pointed north and south; but the older leaves, loaded with dust and dew, lose this power, and point in all directions. Every Christian should be as a compass plant, pointing to Jesus Christ; only those Christians loaded down with sin and care and worldliness fail to do so.—'Peloubet.'

Correspondence

Wolseley, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you how some little folks amuse themselves during the winter months in this part of our country, and also of some of the wild animals and birds of the prairie.

As a great many country schools are closed for five months in the year, children have to look around for ways of passing the time.

When the weather is fine they skate and slide. We had great fun with that trotting pony which was in the 'Witness,' and at night played making shadows on the wall as described in the 'Witness.'

The wild animals are the wolf, fox, badger, skunk, rabbit, weasel, marten and gopher. The large birds are the prairie-chicken, hawk, owl, and in the spring and fall we have the crow, duck, goose, turkey, and crane. Yours truly,

JOHN.
Age eight years.

Malcolm, Ont.

Dear Editor, — I am only a boy twelve years old. My brother and I live with our grandpa on a farm. We have a big black dog, one cat and three pigeons. We had a rabbit also but it died.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year and like it very well. Yours truly,

CHARLIE.

Otter Lake, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have never gone to school, but we had a teacher come to teach us from Montreal, last summer, as we live in the bush. I have a pet cat, who can lift the latch and come in like any man or boy, also a collie who has three pups, We call her Gipsy. We are living twelve miles from any neighbors. I have never seen a train in my life, but I would like to see one. We had the pleasure of hearing a graphophone, which a photographer had. It was very funny, and I liked it very much.

ALICE.

Mundale, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—Our minister and his wife went to India as missionaries. Miss Emma Anderson lectured in our church about the people of India, and showed us pictures of the people and places with a magic lantern. It was very interesting. I am eight years old. Your friend,

CLIFTON.

Bloomfield, Car. Co.

Dear Editor, — My sister has taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for about four years. My father is a carpenter, and he stays away all the week, except on Sunday. I have one brother and one sister. My brother is thirteen years of age, and he splits wood on Saturday. My sister is sixteen years of age, and she is taking music lessons. My brother is very mischievous. I am eleven years of age.

HILL.

Dear Editor,—My home is situated in one of the prettiest little villages in the Province of Ontario. The Mississippi river flows but a few feet from our door, and there is the dearest little pine grove to one side of our house. In summer we have little teas, socials, picnics, etc., out in the grove. My pets consist of two dogs, two raccoons, two cats, a canary, and a horse. We have an owl which papa is going to kill and stuff. We have quite a collection of stuffed birds. We have a hawk, robin, two owls, a crow, a meadow hen and a blackbird, also a number of smaller birds. We keep ninety hives of bees. In summer we boys make rafts and sail on the river. There is a large waterfall just below our house, and in summer we often sit on the bank of the river and watch the waves chase each other over the rocks, each seeing which can run the fastest. We boys and girls have organized a Band of Hope in our village, with a membership of thirty. Our aim is to help to banish the liquor traffic from our country. We mean to be true to our colors and we hope that prohibition will surely win the day.

MARY.

West Head, Cape Island.

Dear Editor, — I go to school to Clark's Harbor, about a mile from where I live, and it is so far that I don't go in the winter. Our schoolhouse is the largest on the Island, and the third largest in the County of Shelburne. It has four teachers. We had the picture of our school-house and the scholars taken last month, this is the third time we have had its picture.

I have three sisters and four brothers. We lost a dear little brother last November, how much we have missed him this winter, for he used to run and play with us so much. He was in his fourth year. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for over two years, and we like to read it. Pa thinks it is a nice paper, and he likes to read it too.

ORLENA.
Age eleven.

Flesherton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a very nice Mission Band and Auxiliary. I belong to both. In the Mission Band we have about fifty members and in the Auxiliary about sixteen. Our oldest member in the Auxiliary is about eighty, and I am the youngest. I was at a Convention last summer. It was very nice. I heard a native missionary from Japan talking. He was so short and polite.

We have an Epworth League, and are going to form a Junior League. We have had revivals lately, and a reception service at which seventy joined our church.

The train runs one mile and a half from here and still we can hear it when it comes in to the station.

We get the 'Northern Messenger,' at our Sunday-school, and we have a pretty large library. My father takes the 'Daily Witness.' We took the 'Sabbath Reading,' for a year and I liked it very much.

I have a big white cat, nearly nine years old, and I am twelve.

FLORENCE.

Moose Jaw, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl ten years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I live in the prairie town of Moose Jaw. This town was given its name because an Indian was driving through the place where our town now is, in a cart, whose wheel broke, and he mended it with a moose's jaw.

We have a Junior League in our Sunday-school. I am a member. We have lately taken up mission work, and we are going to support a missionary or biblewoman in Africa. A biblewoman is a Christian native who goes about from house to house reading the bible to the heathen. We also have a Mission Band to which my younger sister belongs. They are supporting a little boy in Japan whose name is Naotoka San. Yours truly,

EVA.

Dugald, Man.

Dear Editor,—A year ago last summer we got a kitten and two pigeons. The cat was black, and so we called him 'Niger,' It went into fits and died. One pigeon was white and the other black and purple. They got lonesome, for they came from a place where there was a great many. The white one died and the other went to a neighbor's who has quite a few. We had a dog named 'Skye,' He followed us off a train, that is how we got him. He would follow us wherever we went. He had a very bad cough, so we gave him to a cousin of mamma's. He is dead now. We had a kitton called 'Tiny,' We left her when we moved. Now they are all gone. Yours truly,

RUTH.

Amulree, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am one of the many admirers of your interesting paper. I will tell you about what the little people of the neighborhood have been busying themselves about this past autumn. We formed ourselves into a Mission Band, called the Harry Grant Mission Band, and each one promised to do all they could for the sake of Jesus Christ. It began in August, and there was a meeting in the church, and it went on until it was too stormy to attend; then the secretary gave each family a mite-box to put their earnings into in the winter. I will tell you how I earn my money to put into the mite-box. Every chance I got I would do little jobs, for my father, getting some small change each time. I would also brush my brother's clothes, by which I earned some. I remain your friend,

MARY.
Age thirteen.

Brandon.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell a short story of a visit mamma and I had to Douglas, which is eighteen miles east of here. It is only a short distance, but I enjoyed it very much. We went on the train, and they met us at the station, with a horse and buggy, to go six miles out in the country, to visit at Gillespie. As soon as I got there I was out at the stables, watching the chickens, calves, and other animals, which were running around. I was very glad to get away from school and examinations and the city crowds. The next morning I tried to milk, but could only milk two quarts. At night Miss Gillespie and I went for the cows, which were in a pasture about a mile from there. When we came home I milked a whole cow. The next day Miss Gillespie, her married sister and I went to a bush, which was fifteen miles away. We went to pick berries, but as they were not ripe, we ate our lunch and came home. I always gathered the eggs, and watched some little chickens coming out of the shells.

They had an old horse out there on which I learned to ride, and it was great fun learning. Before we left I could milk two cows every night, and enjoyed it very much. I named all their little calves and tried to name the hens. But as they were nearly all white, I could not tell one from the other, and might have named the same one over a half a dozen times for all I know. But at last it was time to come home, and that was the only thing that I did not like about it. I remain your grateful reader,

JENNIE.
Aged ten.

Hillsburg,

Dear Editor,—I have only one sister. I have no pets. I had a big dog named Colly, but he got poisoned. I can skate, and enjoy it very much. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the temperance page and the correspondence. We have a piano. I can play some pieces on it. We have a Mission Band, of which I am a member. I go regularly every month.

MARY.

The Pocket Knife.

'I say, May.'

'Well, Jack?'

'Come here and look at this pocket-knife. Now, is not it a jolly good one? The price is only half a crown, too! I do wish I could have it; but I can't buy it, for I have only a sixpence—the sixpence that Aunt Margaret gave me a day or two ago.'

'You can save up your pocket-money until you have half a crown.'

'But before that time the knife will perhaps be sold. You know I don't get much pocket-money, May.'

'If I had not spent my sixpence I would have given it you to help you.'

The above conversation took place between Jack Howitt and his sister May. It was a cold day towards the end of November, and Jack and May were standing at the window of a toy-shop, looking at the bright goods displayed therein. The knife which attracted the boy's attention was a large one, with two or three blades, a cork-screw, etc. There were many other knives in the window besides, but it was this particular one, and no other, which Jack thought he should like to possess.

'Come along, May, let's go home now.'

'All right, Jack.'

The two children proceeded along the snowy streets, when suddenly Jack's eyes lighted on something lying in the snow.

'Look what I have found! It is a purse!' said he.

Jack opened it, and saw that it contained two bright shillings.

'You can buy the pocket-knife now, Jack,' cried May. 'Your sixpence and those two shillings make half a crown, you know.'

'What luck!' cried Jack. 'Let's go and buy the knife at once.'

But he suddenly stopped, and his bright face became grave.

'May,' he said, 'I must not take this money; it would be wrong for me to do so. To all appearance the purse belongs to some poor person, for it is old and shabby; anyhow, it is not mine though I did find it. I would be stealing if I kept it, but I'd scorn to be a thief, I would.'

'Jack, you are right,' said his sister. 'Let's go home and tell mother about it. But look at that poor boy here, he is crying.'

Jack looked, and saw at a short distance from where they stood a little ragged boy who was crying bitterly, and who seemed to be looking for something.

'Perhaps it is he who lost the purse, and he has just come to look for it. I'll ask him what is the matter.'

'What is the matter with you—why are you crying?' they asked.

'I've lost a purse and two shillings,' he sobbed.

'Oh, you need not cry any more, then,' said Jack; 'here is your purse—I found it. The two shillings are there all safe.'

'Oh, thank you!' said the poor boy, as he eagerly grasped the shabby old purse which Jack handed to him. 'I was so sorry to lose it, because I wanted to get some food and medicine for mother. Mother's awful bad, and what's in this purse is all the money we have. I earned it this forenoon by carrying parcels and runing errands. As I was going to buy something for mother I

A Gentle Request.

The wide straw hat, with its daisy wreath,
Shelters a bright little face beneath,
With big brown eyes, and a sunny smile
That might the saddest soul beguile.

A frolicsome wind is out to-day,
Tossing and blowing each leaf and spray,
And it blows the little maid about,
And ruffles her curls in its merry rout.

Curlylocks makes a little stand,
Clasping the hat with each dimpled hand,
And as she catches a sobbing breath
The brown eyes fill, and a soft voice saith:

'O wind, dear wind, don't blow me so;
I'm only a little girl, you know.'
On goes the breeze with a parting puff.
To such trust and faith what could be rough?
—'Youth's Companion.'

lost the purse, but I did not know my loss till I reached Jones's, the chemist.'

Both Jack and May were very sorry for this poor boy, and Jack felt heartily glad that he had discovered the owner of the money he had found.

'I am very much obliged to you,' said the boy, as he turned to go away.

'Wait,' said our little hero, and he fumbled in his jacket pocket and pulled out his own sixpense. 'My sister and I are very sorry for you, please take this.'

The poor fellow thankfully accepted the coin offered him, and though Jack made a great sacrifice in giving it, afterwards he did not regret what he had done.

That evening May related to her father and mother the whole story of Jack's find, not forgetting to mention the pocket-knife, its price, and the shop where they had seen it. You may judge of the boy's delight next day when his father made him a present of the very knife he had longed so much to possess.—'Adviser.'

Clinging to Jesus.

One bright summer day I was standing on the seashore. Behind me were the great white cliffs, and before me was the beautiful sea, with the big waves dashing their snow-white foam almost to where I stood. All around me were pretty shells and pebbles, and large, round pieces of chalk, covered over with green moss and loveliest seaweed. And peeping in and out of the sandy puddles which lay between were curious little crabs looking after their seaside meal, and burying themselves in the sand every time I moved. On a very large white boulder or piece of rock, near where I stood, were a number of limpets in their prettily marked shells clinging to the rocks. At the seaside I have often seen little boys and girls trying to get them off; but they stick so fast that they cannot move them.

Having a walking stick in my hand I determined that I would have one of these limpet shells. So choosing a very pretty one, I tried at first to pull it off with my hand. But no, it clung to the rock so tightly that I could not move it.

'What!' thought I, 'a little thing like that stronger than I! I'll try my walking stick.'

And so I did. Putting one end of it against the side of the limpet, I tried with all my weight and strength to pull it off.

But no, not a hairbreadth could I move that tiny little limpet, for it was clinging to the rock. Indeed, so tightly did it cling that I could no more move the limpet than I could the rock to which it clung. Though so weak a little thing, it stuck so fast that it seemed as strong as the rock itself; just as little children, clinging to Jesus, the Rock of Ages, have almighty strength, and cannot be moved.

'Well, my little friend,' thought I, 'I'll see whether I cannot have you yet; as one way won't do, I'll try another.' So having plenty of time to spare, I sat down very quietly upon another rock close by and watched, scarcely moving my eyes off the limpet for a moment. For a long time I watched in vain; there stuck the little limpet.

But presently I thought I saw it move a little. Oh, how eagerly I watched then! Another minute, and—yes, there it was steadily moving off the rock.

'Ah,' thought I, 'I'll have you now.' And with one sudden grasp I had it in my hand, because it was not clinging to the rock.

Dear young friend, whenever Satan tempts you to get away from Jesus and wander into sin, cling fast to the rock—cling to Jesus.—'My Paper.'

Building the Temple.

'Except the Lord build the house,
they labor in vain that build it.'

'Cling! clang! cling! clang!' rang the children's voices in the song of the little builders. They like the swing and the rhythm in it. They like the working words.

This was their rest song, after sitting still for some time, and Miss Eleanor let them talk about it.

'What are you building to-day?' she asked Woodward, a tiny, chubby fellow.

'I fink I'll build a house for my doggie. He's most too big for his old one.'

'And you, Clarence?'

'I'm building a house for my father,' he said, straightening himself. 'It's big and strong, and we'll live in it forever 'n ever.'

'And I,' called eager Howard, 'I'll build a church! My papa's building one, and I will, too.'

'Mine'll have a tall, tall steeple, with bells in it that say "Come!"' said Marjory.

'Those are all play buildings,' said Miss Eleanor, smiling. 'What real ones are my little ones making?'

'Nuffin, I guess,' said Woodward.

'Yes, something. Every one's building something.

'Even Bobbie?' asked Marjory. 'He just laughs all day.'

'Even Bobbie,' said Miss Eleanor; 'since you all look so puzzled I must tell you. Bobbie's building a little life; one that is happy and makes others happy. All of us are building lives—little temples where God may live.'

'It makes me 'fraid,' said Woodward.

'It needn't, dear. God loves us and loves to be with us. If he didn't, our little houses would tumble down and go all to pieces. The only thing we must be careful about is to use good things in our lives, so our houses will last for ever, as Clarence says. Now we'll sing the song once more.'

The childish voices rang again, with a new thought in the song—that their lives must be built for God.

'Cling! clang! cling! clang! cling!'
—'Sunbeam.'

Rules For Behavior at Table.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife and fork, or napkin-ring
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen not heard.

I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, 'If you please;'
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all his wondrous love.
—Exchange.

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XIII. — WHY WE ALL CHOOSE WATER.

1. What is the best thing we can drink to help us do all this work?

Simple water; and no other fluid can safely take its place.

2. How do we take this water?

We take it pure and clear, hot or cold, and there is water in all our drinks.

3. Is there water in good milk?

It is more than three-fourths water.

4. What other drinks contain water?

Tea, coffee and cocoa are made with water.

5. Can you name any others?

All alcoholic drinks are part water.

6. How much water is there in common beer and cider?

About ninety-five parts in every hundred.

7. What part of rum, brandy, and whiskey is water?

About half, and people generally add more water when they drink them.

8. Why do they mix alcohol with water?

If they did not,it would burn and kill them at once.

9. What, then, is the drink you will choose?

All.—'Water, pure water, fresh sparkling and gushing.'

Boys.—Water for me.

Girls.—Water for me.

All together.—Water for me!

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XIII.—ALCOHOL AND THE BLOOD AND HEART.

1. What have you learned about the blood?

That it is the river of life, bearing to all parts of the body the material necessary to build it up.

2. What kind of blood is needed for this work?

Pure, healthy blood, made from good food and kept pure by plenty of fresh air.

3. What does alcohol do to the blood?

It does several very bad things. Alcohol is always thirsty for water; and as soon as it reaches the blood it sucks out some of the water which is so large a part of the blood.

4. What effect does this have on the blood?

It thickens the blood and makes the little red discs dry up and harden.

5. Is that a very serious matter?

Yes, the red discs become of no use at all, and the blood loses its life and purity.

6. What effect does the loss of water have on the blood vessels?

The dried little red discs crowding together, stretch the bloodvessels in a way that is very harmful.

7. How does it harm them?

Just as too much stretching harms a rubber band. At first it stretches, and then contracts to its first length; but after several stretchings it loses its first power to contract.

8. Is it of any importance that the blood-vessels keep their power of contracting?

Yes; for by their stretching and contracting they push the blood along. If they lose this power the circulation of the blood is hindered.

9. Are the walls of the blood-vessels permanently injured by alcohol?

Yes, they grow thin and weak; and often it happens that the walls of some little blood-vessel in a drunkard's brain break, and the blood flowing out into the brain causes death.

10. What can you say of the drunkard's red nose and cheeks?

They are due to the crowding of the blood-vessels by little dried red discs.

11. Are such red cheeks a sign of health?

No; but of disease. They mean that the blood is robbed of its necessary water, its little red air boats stranded and wrecked, and the blood-vessels themselves weakened by alcohol.

12. What have you learned of the work of the heart?

Its work is to drive the blood through the body, keeping it in constant motion.

13. Is this hard work for the heart?

Yes; the heart must beat about one hundred thousand times a day.

14. Does it always beat at the same rate?

No, it beats faster if we run or take any severe exercise, or if we are frightened or excited. It beats faster when we stand than when we sit, and faster when we sit than when we lie down.

15. Would it injure the heart to be made very often to beat faster than it ought?

Yes, it would be overworked, and would wear out too soon.

16. What does alcohol do to the heart?

It makes it beat harder and faster at once. Four ounces of alcohol will increase the heart's daily work about six thousand beats.

17. How does alcohol do this?

There are little nerves which control the heart's work and keep it beating steadily. But alcohol puts these nerves to sleep, and they cannot then control the beating.

18. How hard work would it be for the heart to beat six thousand times extra a day?

It would be as much as to lift a weight of about sixteen tons a foot. Or as much as to lift a pound weight one thousand five hundred times in an hour.

19. Does the heart ever become accustomed to the alcohol?

No; however long a drinker may live, every dose of alcohol has just the same exhausting effect upon the heart. If it were not the strongest organ in the body it would wear out much earlier than it does.

20. Does alcohol do any other harm to the heart?

Yes; it partly changes the muscles of the heart into useless fat, and in that way also hinders its work.

Hints to Teachers.

Many familiar experiences may be made to illustrate this lesson. Every child will remember the fatigue arising from the heart's increased action in violent exercise. A rubber bulb from which water may be pressed will illustrate the heart's action; and the repeated lifting of a half-pound weight will convince the pupil of the fatigue of the alcohol-urged heart. The children will recall many cases of 'heart-failure' producing death. Alcohol, as well as sudden great exertion, is to be carefully avoided, as producing irregular action, and final dangerous disease of the heart.

Nat Taylor.

'What a bright boy Nat Taylor is,' Mrs. Eaton used to say to her husband. 'It does me good to see him go by the house.' He is always whistling or singing away to himself as if he were too happy to keep still, and yet he hasn't nearly so many pleasures as most boys and girls.

'There he comes now on his way to school. He is not the boy to be late. His teacher says he is never tardy or absent, and it is really wonderful how fast he learns. He'll be the banner boy in the grade at the end of the year, you see if he isn't.'

Just then Nat appeared around the corner, whistling as usual. He had a package in one hand to leave at the express office for his mother, and a big bunch of strawberries in the other.

'What are you going to do with your berries, Nat?' asked Mrs. Eason.

'Oh, they're for Auntie Clapp,' said Nat, with a chuckle. 'She said last night she had almost forgotten how strawberries taste, so when I found these in the pasture this morning, while I was after the cow, I thought I would bring them along to remind her.'

'Isn't that just like the boy,' Mrs. Eason continued, after Nat was out of sight. 'He's always thinking of someone else, even if he is such a little fellow.'

One morning Nat didn't go to school as usual. He was sick and had to lie in bed, and everybody missed him. Some of the boys came to find out what the matter was, but he felt too miserable to see them.

It was a day or two before he was well again, and then he wasn't quite his old self. By and by people began to ask, 'What has happened to Nat? He doesn't whistle as much as he used to.'

He neglected to do errands for his mother even when she told him of them two or three times over. He said he forgot, although he used to pride himself on his good memory. His teacher noticed the difference in school, and asked Mrs. Taylor if Nat was sick.

'He is not so bright as he was,' she said. 'Almost every day he seems dull and stupid a good part of the time. Yesterday he went to sleep twice in class, something I never knew him to do before. I can't make out what the trouble is.'

Mrs. Taylor looked anxious. She called Nat and asked him if he felt well. He said he did, but he hung his head and looked as confused as though he had been caught in some mischief. Something certainly was wrong with Nat.

That night his mother found out what it was.

'There's a hole in the knee of my trousers,' Nat said, when he bade them all goodnight. 'Will you mend it, Mother, so that I can have them to put on in the morning?'

Mrs. Taylor repaired the torn place and looked to see if there were other holes. 'There is sure to be one in the pocket,' she thought.

There was no hole there for a wonder, but she found something else which made what Nat called the 'sorry look,' come into her eyes.

Can you guess what it was?

A cigarette! She knew now what had made Nat sick, why he forgot to do errands, and why he went to sleep in school instead of being bright and quick at his lessons. He had been learning to smoke.

When Nat came down in the morning, Mrs. Taylor said, 'Did you know that there had been a thief in the house, Nat?'

'Why, no!' exclaimed Nat, with wide-open eyes. 'Did he steal anything?'

'Yes, he has been stealing my boy's health and good spirits, and his memory, and leaving quite a different kind of boy in his place. What shall we do with him?' asked Mrs. Taylor, holding up the cigarette. 'Here he is.'

Nat started to laugh, but he stopped when he saw his mother's face, and they had a long talk together.

When it ended, with a smile:

'Well, mother, I don't believe we want any thieves in our house.'

Mrs. Taylor did not find any more cigarettes in Nat's pocket for he kept his breath sweet and his head clear by not smoking again.

He told his teacher the story one day, and the next morning she hung this card up in the room:

THE THIEF TOBACCO

STEALS:

Our health.

Our good looks.

Our liking for play.

Our strength.

Our memory.

Do you think any of the boys in that grade smoked after that? Not one.—'School Physiology Journal.'

A pathetic incident was related at the Fulton street prayer-meeting by a missionary worker in New York. He said: 'Among those led not long since to the Saviour was a woman who was wont to use her tongue most foully. I had to get out of her house when she began to talk. Of course, this was a bad state of affairs for her children. But the Lord saved her, and all this was changed. For a while past she has been an invalid in the hospital. For her recovery an operation was necessary. She was willing to undergo that; but before an anaesthetic was administered, she prayed, "O Lord, keep the door of my mouth." She feared lest she should say anything amiss while unconscious, so strong had been the former evil habit. "Did I say anything wrong?" asked the sufferer of the surgeons as she came to consciousness after the operation was over. "No, indeed," was the reply; "the only words you have uttered were, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" We felt that the salvation of this woman was a miracle of grace.' So, indeed, is the salvation of any soul!

LESSON X.—JUNE 5.

Jesus Condemned.

Matt. xxvii., 11-26. Memory verses 21-24. Read xxvi., 47 to xxvii., 34.

Golden Text.

'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I. Tim i., 15.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xxvii., 1-34.—Jesus condemned.
T. Mark xv., 1-15.—'What evil hath he done?'
W. Luke xxiii., 1-25.—Pilate's testimony to Jesus' innocence.
T. John xviii., 28-19:16 .—'My kingdom is not of this world.'
F. I. Tim. i., 1-17.—'Christ Jesus came . . . to save sinners.'
S. Gal. i., 1-24.—'Who gave himself for our sins.'
S. I. Pet. ii., 11-25.—When reviled, he reviled not again.

Lesson Story.

Jesus, having been betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the awful traitor Judas, having been thrice denied by the cowardly Peter, and forsaken by all his other followers except John (John xviii., 15), and having been condemned by the high priest, stands now friendless, weary and deserted, before the Roman governor.

Pilate asks, 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' and stands awe-struck at the sublime majesty of the steadfast affirmative, 'Thou sayest.'

The chief priests and elders then accused him of many things, and Pilate amazed now at his silence, asks if Jesus does not hear the accusations, but our Saviour still stands steadfastly silent.

Now it was a Roman custom to release a prisoner at the time of any great feast, and Pilate taking advantage of this custom thought to release this innocent man by the choice of the people. There was in prison an especially vile criminal named Barabbas, Pilate asked the multitude whom he should release for them, Barabbas, or Jesus Christ? Then the chief priests went out and persuaded the multitude to ask for Barabbas and have Jesus crucified. While Pilate sat on his judgment seat awaiting the answer of the mob, his wife sent a message to him begging him to have nothing to do with the just and innocent Prisoner, as she had suffered much in a dream concerning him. Pilate hoped that the people would ask the release of Jesus, but they, led by their priests, cried out for Barabbas.

'What shall I do, then, with Jesus which is called Christ?'

The crowds which a few short days before had hailed him with glad shouts of praise, now cried out with one voice, 'Let him be crucified!'

'Why, what evil hath he done?' asked Pilate. But they could bring no just accusation against him, so they only cried out in unreasoning fury, 'Let him be crucified.'

Then, Pilate, seeing he could make no impression on them, washed his hands in water and declared himself innocent of the blood of this just man. Then the people took upon themselves the curse of this awful crime. But Pilate set free the murderer Barabbas, and, having scourged Jesus, gave him to the soldiers to crucify.

Lesson Hymn.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride,
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
Come let us stand beneath the cross;
The fountain opened in His side,
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

—F. W. Faber.

Lesson Hints.

'The governor' — Pontius Pilate, Roman governor of Judea.

'Thou sayest'—'I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.' (John xviii., 37.)

'He answered nothing'—there was nothing to answer, they knew that their accusations were false, no words were needed to prove them so. 'He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.' (Isa. liii., 7.)

'For envy they had delivered him' — the high priests wished his death because of his popularity with the people. Pilate, knowing this, sought to win from the people a vote for Christ's release. But the priests lashed them into mad unreasoning fury. The favor of the multitude is not to be trusted, neither is the majority generally on the right side.

'Washed his hands' — as a sign that he felt no further responsibility in the affair, henceforth he was simply the miserable tool of an angry mob.

'Scourged' — 'The Roman scourging was terribly cruel. The person scourged was bound to a low pillar, that, bending over, the blows might be better inflicted. The scourge was of thongs, made with bits of iron for tearing the flesh, and was called a 'scorpion.' All this Christ suffered for us.

Primary Lesson.

We have a very sad lesson to-day. We learn how the Jews rejected their Messiah, the Saviour of the world. They could find no fault with him, he was sinless and faultless, yet they cried out, 'Crucify him,' and asked for Barrabas in his stead. Now Barabbas had done everything that was wrong, he was a very bad person, yet the mad Jews chose him rather than Jesus.

Some one has said that Barabbas is a picture of our own wicked hearts. We think it very wicked and foolish, indeed, of the Jews to have wanted Barabbas instead of Christ, but how many times have we chosen our own self-will rather than the blessed will of Christ?

How many times have we chosen Barabbas or self instead of our Saviour? We think that if we had been those Jews we would certainly have chosen Jesus and crucified Barabbas. We have the chance to-day, which shall it be? Shall we cherish in our hearts the lawless Barabbas, self? Or shall we open wide our hearts and ask our dear Saviour, Jesus Christ, to come in and reign forever there?

Suggested Hymns.

'What will you do with Jesus?' 'While we pray,' 'Shall you, shall I?' 'I gave My life for thee,' 'Blessed be the Fountain of Blood,' 'Christ is knocking.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

June 5. — Matt. xxvii., 11-26.

The eloquence of silence was never more vividly seen than in the attitude of Jesus when quizzed by insolent questions. Enough for the disciple to be as his Master. Verses 11-14. Compare Matt. vii., 6.

What is customary may not be right, and what is legally right may be morally wrong. Verse 15.

Had Jesus not been on trial Barabbas would probably have suffered death. But in a higher sense the death of Jesus has released more than Barabbas. Verses 16-18.

In bible times the Lord, through the medium of dreams, often revealed his will in words of encouragement or warning. But now we have a more sure word of prophecy. Verse 19: II. Pet. 1: xviii., 19.

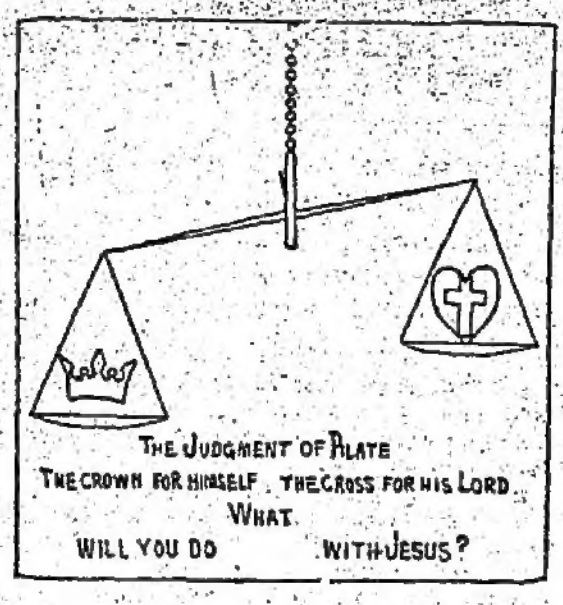
The fact that Christ gave his life for us does not excuse his murderers, who were unconsciously fulfilling Old Testament prophecy. The end does not justify the means. Verses 20-23: Psalm lxxvi., 10.

Water cannot wash away the stain of a guilty conscience. Verse 24.

If murderers are graded according to the character of the victim, how fiendish were the murderers of Jesus. Verse xxv., 26.

The Lesson Illustrated.

This is emphatically a weighing trial, so we bring out our scales again. Pilate weighed the keeping of his own crown against the crucifying of an innocent man. The chief priests weighed their own position against the crucifixion of the Messiah, their profits from the temple against the Holy One whom the temple was built to reveal, and who cleansed it. The people weighed their king against a common robber; and all weighed self and sin against right and holiness, and



all chose wrong, and so condemned him for a time, but themselves for all eternity.

And we? Jesus waits before us also. When we choose sin and self rather than his love, his righteousness, in this way we crucify him again and pain again the most loving heart of all.

It is so easy to condemn Pilate, the priests and the Jews, and yet be doing in our way the same thing.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 5.—Christ's mission on earth.—John x., 7-18.

Punctuality, Intelligence and Piety.

(Bishop Dickson.)

'It is a good thing, and very helpful, to have wise officers, good literature, good music and an attractive room; but whatever else we may have, and however good they may be, if we have ignorant and indifferent teachers we will have but an inferior school; whereas, if we have intelligent, pious, devoted teachers, the school will accomplish much. The qualifications of the teacher and preacher are much the same. The first of these is punctuality. Like the preacher, he must be at his post every time. He must arrange for this and allow nothing to stand in his way. If sickness or any unavoidable circumstance prevents his attendance, he should be sure to have his class provided for, and not depend on the superintendent to pick up any one he can get at the last minute.

'The preacher is expected to prepare himself by study and prayer, to have for his people something worth listening to. Nothing can take the place of wholesome, impressive instruction. No matter how much noise we make or how many tears we shed or what else we do, all will be but a poor substitute for the intelligent presentation of the truth. I am surprised that with the abundant supply of helps we have in our day to assist us in the study of the lesson, any teacher should go to his class unprepared; and yet it is to be feared many do. It would be a strange class, indeed, that has no girl or boy in it who is hungering for knowledge and refuses to be satisfied till the teacher furnishes it. Nor will it take long for the bright boy or girl to detect the ignorance of the teacher. And then the sooner that teacher gets out of the way the better—the better for himself and the better for the class.

'The teacher must lead an upright, godly life. This is indispensable. No amount of booklore, no amount of study will serve as a substitute for piety. What Christian congregation would want an unconverted man to fill its pulpit? How could a man lead others to Christ who had never known him as a Saviour himself? As well put a hawk in the chicken-coop or a wolf in the sheepfold as to put an unconverted person to lead these little ones to Jesus. The day must and will come when it will not be tolerated; when the parents will refuse to give the training of their children into the hands of men and women who know not God and obey not the Lord Jesus Christ. Punctuality, intelligence and piety—these three; but the greatest of these is piety.'—'Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Make Children Kind.

(By Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. 'Ledger.')

When I was a young girl I lived at the home of my uncle, Colonel H. L. Miller, in Hartford, Conn. To encourage generosity in the heart of his eldest child, Alice, though she did not need encouragement in that direction, he and my Aunt Martha allowed her to give each Christmas to the one or two hundred children in the orphan asylum, and sometimes other public institutions, a frosted cake, an orange and a book each; but in order to do this she must go without something that she liked; for instance, butter, of which she was very fond, or deny herself in some other way. This she did gladly, and I have no doubt but her after life, of as great self-sacrifice as I have ever known in missionary work in Boston and elsewhere, is in part due to the wise training of a Christian home.

There was no necessity for this self-sacrifice, for my uncle was a man of means, but it taught Alice a lesson which she never forgot.

If giving costs a child nothing, he or she does not notice the meaning of it. The older I grow, and learn how difficult it is to draw money out of people's pockets for any cause except for their own upbuilding—fine clothes or fine houses for themselves—the more I am sure that we must teach giving early in life.

Encourage children to give away some of their playthings, or the books they have read. The homes become full enough without hoarding. I often wonder what the Lord would say if he looked into some of our attics. He would find furniture packed away for years which would make some poor family comfortable, and cloaks kept by Christian women for ten or twenty years, thinking the fur on them might sometimes be needed for trimming!

One afternoon, my only son, then a child, and three children of our next-door neighbor, Lyman and his twin sisters, Edith and Addie Ford, found a mole, killed it because it dug up their playground, and brought it to me. Its skin was as smooth as velvet. I told the children how wonderfully it was made, digging its long passages underground with its pretty head as well as feet, its small eyes hidden by hair so that the dirt could not get in and produce blindness; the great good it accomplished in eating noxious insects and weeds, and the sin of destroying things that God had made, unless there was absolute necessity for so doing. Perhaps, too, there were little ones waiting for a mother who would never come back. Saddened at what they had done, without suggestion on my part, they took their little play-waggon, covered the bottom with flowers from the garden, laid the dead mole upon the flowers, and formed themselves into a funeral procession, the two girls leading the way, the two boys drawing the waggon after them. They dug a grave, lined it with flowers, and buried there the helpless thing whose life they had unthinkingly taken. The lovely twin girls were long since buried under flowers, and the boys, now grown to manhood, have always been extremely kind to animals.

Some years ago my husband and I were going to a Maryland Chautauqua. At the hotel and station combined, where we changed cars, I noticed an apparently half-famished gray cat, and asked the colored waiters if they fed her. They said they were not allowed to do so, for fear she would remain. I bought some food which I gave her. Soon after I saw a boy of perhaps eight years, handsomely dressed, go up to the cat and kick her off the porch. I spoke to him kindly, but firmly, and asked him why he did it. His reply was, 'Father does it, and says he'll kill her, and I'm trying to kill her too.' I saw the family at dinner, a young man and his wife, both stylish, and their ungoverned child sat beside them. It is not difficult to predict the future of that boy, and his father will be largely responsible.

The Michigan State Prison has had the wisdom to allow eight hundred birds among as many prisoners, to make them more gentle and give them something to love and care for. What a pity that these men did not have these influences in childhood! Alas, that we allow sin to do its evil work among the young, and then try to reform them after the damage has been done.

I think, with Professor Wesley Mills in the 'Popular Science Monthly,' 'that every family should have some one animal brought up with the household—a bird, a cat, or dog.'

A lady said to me recently, 'I am bringing up a St. Bernard puppy to please my son, and it is so much work.'

'Better do it by all means,' I said. 'I doubt if the value of a dog can be over-estimated in the good it does a boy. The dog is a safe companion—some boys are not. It makes your child more contented at his home. It makes him kinder, more considerate, more cheerful — a better boy and a better man. You will be repaid for your trouble a thousand times.'

As I write this article a yellow St. Bernard dog, weighing over one hundred and seventy-five pounds, lies on the floor beside me, and in his paws asleep, a half-grown Maltese cat, with white face and breast. Two kittens were given to us, the wildest creatures I ever saw. They had never been touched by human hands. It was a month before I could catch them. Finally one of them died, and the other, apparently missing its playmate, made friends with our dog, Bernie, sleeps between his paws at night, goes out to walk with him by day, plays with his tail, and fondles his great paws as though they were strong enough to protect her from intruders. A dog teaches a lesson constantly of affection and faithfulness. I was reading only a few days ago about the monument erected recently at the suggestion of that noble woman, Frances Power Cobbe, aided by the Rev. N. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crossthwait, to Charles Gough, who was killed in 1805 by falling off the Helvellyn Mountain, in England. The body was found three months after death, his little yellow female terrier still watching beside the corpse. Her puppies, which she could not nourish, were dead beside her. Where will one find more devotion than this?

It was a noble thought to build a memorial for a son in the erection of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in California. An incident told of young Leland, shows what sort of a child he was, and what a man he would have become, for Miss Cobbe is right when she says, 'Extreme gentleness is ever, surely, a note of the highest order of men.'

Leland was always allowed to have pets. One day when he was about ten he saw a crowd of street boys pursuing a little, homely, yellow dog. He rushed out of doors, brought in the dust-covered dog, found that its leg was broken, took it in their carriage to the veterinary surgeon, and had it soon cured. The dog repaid him by the most ardent affection. When Leland died in Florence, Italy, a little less than sixteen years old, the body was brought back to their summer home at Palo Alto. The poor dog was heartbroken, for he knew all too well what that coffin meant. After the body was placed in the tomb the dog placed himself in front of the door. He could not be coaxed away even for his food, and one morning he was found there, dead through grief. They buried him near the body of his young master and friend.

If you wish your children to be gentle, tender to every living thing, unselfish, and noble men and women in the future, take the trouble to keep some pets in the house.

College Diet.

It is considered not quite 'womanly' to make much of a disturbance about eating. Yet the woman student, with the heavy demands upon her system, with her delicate organization, with an appetite too refined and discriminating to find satisfaction in crude and coarse cooking, needs the most carefully prepared and the most nourishing food it is possible to get to enable her to do her work successfully and creditably. What is the use of an elaborate system of physical training without some store of food-supply as a basis? What is the use of outdoor exercise to purify the blood, if there is no proper nourishment to feed it?

The parent then, in choosing a college for the daughter, must look carefully to the sort of table that is to be set before her. This is a matter that needs close attention, because it is so very hard to remedy. The college has provided means of exercise for pupils, partly because parents and the public could see whether this was done or not, partly because gymnasiums, athletic fields and athletic teams are means of attraction and a good advertisement. The college does not provide as good a table as it ought to, because no one outside can easily know, or will care especially, whether it does or not. The college begrudges to food an expenditure which it might use to the enlargement of its faculty, or it prefers to keep living expenses to the lowest point so that as few students as possible may be kept away by the cost. Often the college may spend money enough for the raw material of food, but will employ some incompetent person as housekeeper, who has no judgment in the selection or preparation of food. Sometimes the students themselves regulate the table in student clubs, and reduce diet far below what it ought to be in their desire to reduce expenses as far as possible.—'College training for Women,' by Miss Cleghorn.

'You Naughty, Naughty Child'

This is the way we heard a mother address her child who had innocently picked up an expensive piece of bric-a-brac. What there was so very naughty about this act we could not understand. The vase was a handsome one, and we had a desire to examine it ourselves. Curiosity inspired each of us with the idea, and the only difference between the two was that we had no right to handle anything in the house without invitation, while the child was the only heir to the whole property. To be sure the chances of our injuring it would not be so great, but is this question of safety a question of naughtiness also? Once give a bright child to understand that he is naughty and he will become so thoroughly impressed with his own naughtiness that it will serve him as an excuse for every misdeed. When a child is naughty then it is time enough to inform him of the fact, and also the reason why such a conclusion is reached on your part. Let us expect good things from our children, and above all, let us so train them that they will know we expect good things from them. —'Trained Motherhood.'

Selected Recipes.

Cocoanut Blancmange. — One quart of rich milk four tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in one cupful of the milk, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the milk begins to boil, stir in the mixture, and as it thickens, beat in lightly two cupfuls of cocoanut. Put in molds on ice. Serve with cream and sugar. A little yellow orange peel may be cooked in the milk for a flavor. Take out before cooling.

Johnnycake.—
Two cups Indian, one cup wheat,
One cup sour milk, one cup sweet,
One good egg, that you will beat,
One-half a cup of molasses, too,
One-half a cup of sugar add thereto,
With one spoon of butter new,
Salt and soda each a spoon,
Mix it quickly, bake it soon.

A pretty pen-wiper to hang over a desk is made of two large black worsted tassels. Over each is a crocheted cover of red silk, which leaves the bottom of the tassel open to bury the pen in when wiping it. Make of black wool and red silk a twisted cord three-quarters of a yard long, fasten a tassel to each end of this, tie in a bow-knot and fasten it in position by two or three small tacks.

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